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TO THE CHILD OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

Child, you were born with fighting in your blood,
  Your first breath was a struggle, sharp and swift;
Yet from the tumult and the darkening flood,
    Child, you must lift.

Splendid it is to hurl against the strong
  Bulwarks of ignorance a stronger stuff;
Splendid to challenge prejudice and wrong—
    But not enough.

Yes, when your angry faith defeats the foe,
  And when the last, deep, thundering growl is stilled,
With the same arms that stabbed and brought them low,
    Child, you must build!

Yet you shall hear the soundless bugles call,
  And there shall be fresh wars and no release,
And you shall fight the hardest fight of all—
    Even in peace.

There shall be little rest and great delight;
  And, struggling still, your banner shall ascend,
Battling for beauty,—that exalted fight
    Which has no end.

— Louis Untermeyer.

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THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

A VARIETY OF STRANGLERS.

They Are Men in the Business World as Well as Boys on Ranches!

In the San Francisco Chronicle one day this week "Helen Dare," one of the editorial staff, had a study of the boy stranglers who murdered a woman on her ranch on the outskirts of Oakland a few days ago. She said in part:

"Youthful crime always is baffling, and we grown-ups are sorely tried to make reasonable and convincing accounting of it; to invent theories that will make it plausible or bearable; and usually we end up by weakly concluding the young criminal was abnormal, subnormal, a defective or something, and let it go at that. * * * Instead of shifting our responsibility to nature and consoling ourselves that there was a slipped cog or a loose screw some place in that make-up that produced boys like that, wouldn't it be well for us to examine our civilization, not in the agstract, but in minute and critical detail, for the defects in it that could mold the young and plastic in this distorted form?

"What in our system of education, of home life, of amusements, of haphazard growth, influences the receptive young mind in this direction, that these boys' minds traveled?

"Where in all these influences was the failure to create in them a moral sense, a sensibility, a glimmering even of our communal interdependence and interaccountability that would have made it impossible for their young hands to execute so dreadful a crime?

"And which are the influences in our daily life that put such poison seed in their minds, such strength in their nerves?"

Those boys, aged respectively seventeen and fourteen, wanted money. With the aged woman out of the way they reasoned that they could sell her cows and get the money; and so they strangled her.

Right here in the cities on San Francisco Bay, and in other Pacific Coast cities, there have been living for some time coteries of men who were bent on acquiring money—immense sums of it; this had become a passion; they looked forward to having their names on the list of the money-kings of the world. Like those boys with the aged woman, they began the strangling process on certain corporations, with a view to eliminating such stockholders and bondholders as were unable to stand a squeezing process. It required more than a few seconds or minutes to accomplish their purposes; it required months and even years, and in some instances the life has not yet been quite smothered out of the corporations in their deadly grip. All had to be done under cover of the law, or so as not to lay themselves liable to the law and to terms in the penitentiary; and so, time was required.

These stranglers, whose activities are well known, stand well up in the business world, have social prominence, are active in the affairs of the cities and the state, some of them have pews in the churches.

Is it to be wondered at, that living in such an atmosphere as this, these boys should have strangled that woman on her ranch near Oakland? Men of prominence in the business world have been crushing the life out of aged women and men for several years—starving them by the slow process; taking their hard-earned small savings from them, sending some of them to the poor house and others far along toward the insane asylums—and all for the same thing that led those boys to strangle that aged woman. The public is horrified at what the boys have done. But their conduct is no less damnable than that of these other stranglers. The boys were about the devil's business; so also have some of our business men been about the devil's business.

Very shortsighted will be all those persons who look for an explanation of the conduct of these two young criminals in their home-life. It will not be found there. The roots of their awful deed lie outside the home. They are in the community life.

Never before was it so needful that there be written in letters of living light on the horizon of American life the Apostolic words: "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil." The Twentieth Century New Testament puts it this way: "They who want to be rich fall into the snares of temptation, and become the prey of many foolish and harmful ambitions, which plunge people into destruction and ruin. Love of money is a source of all kinds of evil."

Caught in the snare that is snaring and destroying almost countless lives, those boys will have to pay the penalty for their crime. But these "higher ups" will go on with their stranglings until such time as the people are awakened to the sources of our woes and to a God-implanted determination to get rid of the poison.

WHAT EMINENT SOCIOLOGISTS HAVE TO SAY AS TO THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEMS NOW UPPERMOST BECAUSE OF THE WAR.

In June the American Journal of Sociology sent out a letter to a hundred sociologists in the United States, asking them to contribute a few hundred words to a symposium on the subject: "What May the Sociologists Do Toward Solving the Problems of the Present War Situation?" A large number of replies were published in the July issue of the Journal sending out the letter. It is gratifying to note that many went directly to the root of the matter and pointed out what it is needful that our people realize and do if the close of the war mark much if any advancement for mankind.

Samuel Zane Batten of the Department of Social Service and Brotherhood, of the American Baptist Publication Society, wrote:

"The fact that such a calamity as the present world war could occur is evidence that something is radically wrong in our present civilization. The war is a challenge

to us to scrutinize carefully the underlying principles of our civilization that we may reject the false and affirm the true. The moment we consider the accepted principles of our civilization we see that such a calamity as the war was inevitable. There is no mystery about it. . . . The causes of the war are deeprooted in the ideals and principles, the policies, and ambitions, of the nations."

Finding the primary causes of the war in the ideals and principles of the nations., Dr. Batten states that it follows that the primary reform must be made in the ideals and principles of the peoples. Here he finds the supreme challenge to the sociologists of the world; the situation demands not only that they interpret the causes of this tragic phenomena of modern society, but that they show the people what to do and where to begin in the line of social, industrial, and international reconstruction.

Dr. Batten declares that in the industrial world we have had a condition little better than civil war. And the question is, "What must we do to get our industrial life on a moral, Christian basis?" Here is the direct challenge!

John M. Gillette of the University of North Dakota, says in his reply: "What appeals to me to be the greatest assistance social scientists can offer now is to use their influence toward fighting autocracy within the nation as well as without. I do not grow enthusiastic over imposing democracy on the over-the-sea nations while we are allowing industrial and commercial leeches to make colossal fortunes out of the necessities of war and to remorselessly extract the last farthing from the unprotected masses of our own nation. I never conceived such shameless greed as my fellow-countrymen have exhibited and now persist in exhibiting. Our biggest job will be to help our nation to organize itself against the enemies in our midst, many of whom are sacrilegiously shouting, 'A war for democracy!' I appreciate what the United States has contributed to the democratization of the world in the establishment of representative constitutional government, of complete religious toleration by church and state, and o fa society freer from the strangling effects of iron-clad classes and castes than any the world has known, but I likewise realize that in some respects our national democracy is the most undemocratic and the most autocratic of all great national soieties. If we have influence with Congress, the time is very opportune to make it felt."

Milton Fairchild of the National Institution for Moral Instruction expresses the judgment that the greatest service the great thinkers in sociology can render the nation at this time is "to study thoroughly the experiences through which the world is now going, so as to be effective in interpreting these experiences and in assisting after the war in the formation of honorable, sound and intelligent public opinion as to readjustments and reconstructions."

E. R. Talbert of the University of Cincinnati suggests as a practical expedient to counteract the bombardment which emanates from the daily newspaper and other agencies which build up unconscious social attitudes, an effort to extend the circulation and influence of the periodials whih stand for analyses of social causation and impartial interpretation of changing situations. He mentions such publications as the **Survey** and the **New Republic.**

Jerome Dowd of the University of Oklahoma remarked in his reply that "we need a social philosophy and idealism which squares with the public good, and which applies as well to peace as to war." Dr. Dowd states that Sociology has failed in that it has not established as a universally accepted concept, the truth that the war has brought home to us so forcibly, that each citizen is part of an organic whole, and that the interests of the individual and the whole are identical. Had this been done, he says, as advanced by the founder of sociology, "public service would be the primary motive and pleasure of every citizen, who would wish only for so much of the world's goods as to render him an efficient servant, and what he might acquire above that he would apply only toward increasing the efficiency of others. In times of war we are constrained to act on this principle, but the obligation to act upon it is the same in times of peace."

"The real situation is that we are all individualists, wasting a great part of our wealth in goods and human lives in astentatious expenditures for the pampering of vanity, pride and selfish appetites. It is the low personal idealism of mankind which creates our multitudinous social problems and strews the path of history with wreck and ruin."

Dr. Dowd tells us that another problem is to establish in the conscience of mankind some comprehensible view of the rights of races to place on this earth, and also to self-government. He declares that we have plenty of fine phraseology on the subject but are no nearer to its solution now than before the war began. In this connection he writes: "When this war is over will the ethnic group decide for itself under what government it will live? Will the present states of Switzerland and Belgium be dissolved into their linguistic elements, forming still smaller states? Will Ireland be permitted to cut loose from England and confederate with Turkey? Will we allow Mississippi, by a majority vote, to form a black republic and confederate with Haiti? What is to become of Africa and India where millions now live in subjection to Europe?" And he declares that until we agree upon some principles that will give answer to these questions, "We have nothing to offer as a basis for future peace, and another great war is inevitable."

E. S. Bogardus, of the University of Southern California, writes that the sociological point of view if applied to international affairs would mean the creation of a genuine international spirit on the part of individuals and nations. "It woud mean a democracy of interests within the nations and a democracy of nations themselves." And his thought is that during the war for democracy it ought to be possible for our nation actually to develop more democracy within the nation than we have known before.

Roger W. Babson, the eminent student of economics, sounds this warning: "If the war keeps on and we do not see more co-operation between employer and employee here in America, it does not take much imagination to see the fires that burn in Russia leaping across the boundaries to start a conflagration in the rest of Europe and in this country as well. The lines are all laid for such an event."

We recall here a recent statement by Philip Snowden, a member of the English Parliament, in effect that the revolution in Russia had helped to make vocal in England and elsewhere the inarticulate discontent which previously existed, and that other revolutions were one the way.

Mr. Babson remarks in his article: "Get after the capitalistic interests of the United States. Show them what a precarious position they are in, and urge them now to take labor in at the front door cheerfully, and not to wait until their house is knocked down. . . . Capital must divide profits with labor. The only way that capital can save itself is by saving labor. Labor is going to have more. . . . The only question to be settled is whether labor will get in by fair means or foul—by earning it or by taking it, by producing it or by confiscating it."

Robert E. Park of the University of Chicago makes the statement that the world war has served merely to expedite a change already in process. He refers to what Mr.

Dicey points out in the second edition of **Law and Opinion in England**, that for more than a century there has been a constant trend in English legislation and opinion from an individualistic to a collectivistic conception of society." This change, as he points out, is not the result of argument or of agitations. It must be regarded rather as relatively unreflecting response and adaptation of a social institution to fundamental changes in its environment. The agitation and the social reformers are less a cause than an effect."

I. W. Howerth of the University of California, asks in his article: "What should be done in the way of international agreement and organization to prevent the recurrence of war?" "That," he says, "is perhaps the greatest political and sociological problem of the age. Shall we strive for international disarmament or a world-court? For a league to enforce peace? Or, shall we center upon the need of a fundamental reorganization of the industrial economy of the world?"

The Pacific doesn't know what Professor Howerth thinks about it, but we are profoundly of the conviction that nothing is going to rid the world of these conditions which made the war inevitable, and which if allowed to continue to exist will soon make life on this planet not worth living,—nothing but a fundamental reorganization of the industrial economy of the world will ever do this. Cosmic forces are driving mankind toward unity, and the sooner people recognize this and act accordingly the better will it be for the world. It is as Dr. Bristol of the University of West Virginia wrote in his article: "Every community problem should be viewed and dealt with as a part of a state problem, of a national problem, of a world problem. Every world problem, too should be viewed as a local problem. . . . . Each social group should consider itself as a vital organic part of a more inclusive social unity, and seek to perform its function as efficiently as possible. Every problem is an indication of maladjustment. Maladjustment in any part of an organism or social organization affects every other part; and often, if not usually in direct proportion to the perfection of the organization."

"UNTIL HE COME WHOSE RIGHT IT IS."

The Boston Daily Transcript for Saturday, August 25, contained in a specially displayed way in the center of one of its pages two excerpts from utterances of present-day importance. The first was from a sermon preached in the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Sunday, August 19, by the Rev. Dr. Barton of Chicago, on the text, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn * * * until he come whose right it is." The second was from the recent editorial in The Pacific on "A Study of the World War as It Relates to the Coming of the Kingdom of God upon the Earth." The part of the editorial selected was that which related to the part the United States was about to have in the war and the cleansing to come to our people therein.

Our readers will be interested in what Dr. Barton had to say in his sermon. After considering the text as it related to ancient times, he continued:

"But the overturning goes on. It is tragic that there should need to be so much of it. The world still sorrows because kingdoms are based upon force and defy the rights of mankind and the righteousness of God. The world grows weary waiting for the reign of Him whose right it is.

"Who has the right to rule? Kings have claimed it as the representatives of God. Perhaps the most shocking blasphemy that ever has been uttered is expressed in that phrase, "the Divine right of Kings." Under the assumption of that right, what countless tyrannies have been committed! How the world has bled and suffered in order that monarchs might ride in state and erect their thrones upon the unwilling servitude of men who were themselves made in God's image. The Declaration of Independence was an echo of this almost fierce utterance of Ezekiel, protesting usurpation and tyranny. In it men who believed themselves called of God to heroic sacrifice, pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the establishment of a government based upon the consent of the governed.

"The kingdom of God is a democracy. In it Jesus Christ is Lord and all men are brethren. In contains no recognition of any man's right to lord it over his fellow man either in church or state. Hon. Elihu Root, bearing the message of this country to the new, unstable government of Russia, related how this nation, with all its mistakes, had still been able for 140 years to maintain government and secure obedience to law on the basis of the acknowledged rule of the sovereign people. A period of 140 years is not long, as God counts time, but it is a long time in human history, and it is something with which we may hearten ourselves in honest and humble pride.

"Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg reminded the people of this country that the war, then in progress, was to settle the question whether government constituted on the basis of equal human right could long survive. Our fathers have fought, our sons will soon be fighting for the triumph of a large democracy. It belongs to every one of us to fight to make that democracy fulfill its God-given mission to humanity. It is not enough to save democracy to the world; it is our duty to make democracy worth saving.

"There is much overturning to be done. Many things in the world are wrong side up. But humanity is to regain its right; the Lord is to see of the travail of his soul; and He shall come whose right it is, and reign forever and ever.

"We should go far wrong if we supposed it to be our mission to overturn the rest of the world and leave things as they are in America and in our own lives. We, too, have need of spiritual overturning. We have inverted moral values, putting gold above goodness, success above sacrifice, power above purity. Had we not all gone money-mad? Were we not estimating almost everything in terms of traffic and commerce and comfort to the body? Who knows that we, as well as the rest of the world, did not need a mighty material overturning as a means to one that shall be spiritual, leading us to place God and duty and righteous character above everything else?"

A GOOD SUGGESTION ABOUT BILLY SUNDAY.

The Christian Register, of Boston, makes this good suggestion in its issue for August 23. It was: "Next Sunday Rev. William A. Sunday begins a two-month's revival in Los Angeles, Cal. We wish about that time he was sailing for France. The California city will profit not one-tenth as much from his preaching as the men would in the trenches. Billy Sunday is the sort of man for the soldier. He is worth fifty chaplains as a preacher. In the Coast city where he goes the people are already devoted to many varieties of religious propaganda and cult, and need less than any community we can mention the addition of a new one.

No matter what we think of Billy Sunday as a theo-

logian, he has peculiar and marvelous powers. With his easy, familiar humanness, his complete understanding of the average male and his ways both good and evil, his own invariable vitality, his tremendous driving power and magnetism as a preacher to plain men, and not least by any means the consecration of his physical body to his gigantic enterprise, Billy Sunday would be the best single investment the moral and religious forces of America could make in behalf of our young men on the other side.

"Harry Lauder has been with the men on the fields of France and sung his way into their hearts. Now that his son has been sacrificed in the war, it would be not in the least surprising if he would go again for a season to the heroic lads across the Channel. Imagine him and Billy Sunday for the duration of the war preaching and singing to the fighting-men. Imagine a crowd of several thousand listening to the thundering and yet tender-hearted plea for decent living, for faith and stout-heartedness, for democracy, for Jesus and God. And the songs of Harry Lauder! Can one think of a greater team than these two idols of the multitude would make? That may be too much to hope for; but we believe that Billy Sunday could be persuaded by the Government, say by President Wilson himself, to take a commission as major-general—for now Red Cross officials like Mr. Taft are major-generals—in the army of the Lord of hosts to instruct in righteousness the armies of our Allies and our own. Send Billy Sunday to France."

HARRY LAUDER AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

Harry Lauder, the comedian, lost a son at the battle front not long ago. We have seen somewhere a picture of him standing by the son's grave, reaching out his hands in the darkness toward the little mound of earth. Mr. Lauder is quoted as having said that when a man is bereaved as he has been he turns to despair, to drink, or to God; and that he turned to God. Like some others since the war broke out, he has experienced God. Association Men says that someone in London asked the little man one day why he was going down to the camps, and urged him to join a party going to a quiet week-end on the river.

"Lauder's reply was as quaint as usual: 'The boys can't get up to town to see me, so I am off to the camps to see them.' A right royal time he gave them, too. Picture ten thousand men in a dell on the rolling downs with a little platform in the center and there Lauder singing the old favorites you have heard so often and the soldiers love so much—'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' 'Bantry Bay,' 'The Laddies Who Fought and Won,' 'Children's Home,' and many more. This was not all; his soul must have been stirred by the sight of so many dear, brave men, for when the meeting seemed over, Lauder began to speak to the soldiers. And a real speech he made full of imagery, poetry and fire. May I just tell you how he closed? 'One evening in the gloaming in a northern town, I was sitting by my parlor window when I saw an old man with a pole on his shoulder coming along. He was a lamplighter, and made the lamp opposite my window dance into brightness. Interested in his work, I watched him pass along until the gloaming gathered round and I could see him no more. However, I knew just where he was, for other lamps flashed into flame. Having completed his task, he disappeared into a side street. Those lights burned on through the night, making it bright and safe for those who should come behind him. An avenue of lights through the traffic and dangers of the city.' With passionate earnestness Lauder cried: 'Boys, think of that man who lit the lamp, for you are his successors only in a much nobler and grander way. You are not lighting for a few hours the darkness of passing night. You are lighting an avenue of lights that will make it safe for the generations of all time. Therefore, you must be earnest to do the right. Fight well and hard against every enemy without and within, and those of your blood who come after you will look up proudly in that light of freedom and say: 'The sire that went before lit a lamp in those heroic days when Britain warred for right.' The first burst of illumination that the world had was in the lamp lit by Jesus, or rather he was the Light himself. He said truly: 'I am the Light of the world.' You are his succession. Be careful how you bear yourselves. Quit ye like men! Be strong!' "

WILL ANYBODY'S AUTOCRACY SURVIVE THIS WAR?

This is a question asked by the Christian-Evangelist, of St. Louis.

"These are hard days for kings and all nations where caste is strong. It is common belief that German autocracy will not survive this war. We hope not. Will anybody's autocracy survive this war? We hope not. The day has come for a new alignment. The world got wrong—that is unchristian. That's why there must be a war. We must get back to Christ's ideals. That thought must underlie these bold and feeling words from The British Weekly:

" 'Mr. Balfour's great services in America cannot be ignored or forgotten. But though now an advocate of democracy he is evidently possessed with the old caste feeling—the feeling that our administration is above and beyond criticism, the feeling that for the rank and file to express an opinion is to take an unpardonable liberty. Now it is this feeling that we must get over at any cost. The nation has been well convinced by the reports of recent Commissions that our administration in high places is unsatisfactory to the utmost degree. There is no insolence like the insolence of a bureaucracy. It is the insolence of men who have been bullied at the start and avenge themselves as they climb up by bullying those who are under them until it is impossible that the fresh air of criticism and suggestion should ever reach them in their stifling rooms. If the government wishes to create a revolution in this country it could take no quicker way. For people are already watching jealously the lenity shown to those who have birth and position and the severity with which the ordinary man is treated. There was no more pointed and telling passage in all the debates than that spoken by Mr. Hogge. Mr. Hogge said a soldier of nineteen fell asleep at his post in Mesopotamia and he was now serving ten years' penal servitude for that offense. Were the eminent men mentioned in the Report to undergo penal servitude? Did they fall asleep, and were they wide awake now? The instance and the question were pertinent and unanswerable. We know already how some very guilty men in high places have been comfortably provided for. More than one of them is in a better position than he was after being condemned. This cannot go on safely. It imperils the whole structure of society."

"In spite of the stare of the wise
and the world's derision,
Dare travel the star-blazed road,
dare follow the vision."

A STUDY OF "GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING."

Anything that H. G. Wells, the British author, writes after "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," is pretty certain to have wide reading. The little that Mr. Wells said about God in that popular novel, and in the book on the war just following that, caused many persons to look for his next announced book, "God the Invisible King," with keen interest. About three months ago The Pacific contained a valuable study and estimate of this book, by Dr. Washington Gladden. But more is asked concerning it.

We cannot, at this time, consider the book in detail, but will give some attention to the central idea therein, that is, that God is a finite being. Mr. Wells says in the preface: "For the purposes of human relationship it is impossible to deny that God presents himself as finite, as struggling and taking a part against evil." But, of what God is he writing in this sentence?" Mr. Wells, apparently, has two Gods. There is, in his conception, "A Veiled Being"—"the ultimate of existence." This Being, at the back of all known things, is separated from us by an impenetrable curtain; of that Being, he says, we know nothing. The new religion, which Mr. Wells says has come into the world, "does not pretend that the God of its life is that Being, or that he has any relation of control or association with that Being. It does not even assert that God knows all or much more than we do about that ultimate Being. * * * Human analysis probing with philosophy and science towards the Veiled Being, reveals nothing of God, reveals space and time only as necessary forms of consciousness, glimpses a dance of atoms, of whirls in the ether. Some day, in the endless future, there may be a knowledge, an understanding of relationship, a power and courage that will pierce into those black wrappings. To that, it may be, our God, the Captain of Mankind, will take us."

To the average mind Wells is confusing. He is not thinking or writing about the God of whom people have been thinking for thousands of years. He believes, seemingly, that there is such a God. At least, like another writer to whom he refers, he "clears the ground for God very ably, and then makes a well-meaning gesture in the vacant space." Mr. Wells says as to this: "There is no help nor strength in his gesture unless God is there. Without God the 'Service of Man' is no better than a hobby or a sentimentality or an hypocrisy in the undisciplined prison of the mortal life."

The writer of whom mention was made had expressed the hope that the religion of the future would devote itself wholly to the service of man.

To which God does Mr. Wells refer when he writes of the well-meaning gesture in the vacant space, and remarks that there is no help nor strength in the gesture unless God is there? It requires some study to recognize the fact that reference is not to his God, not to "the God of the Heart," which is what he intends when he uses the word "God," but to the idea of God-of-the-Universe, whom he speaks of as "the Veiled Being," "the Infinite Being"—the ultimate of existence.

Further it must not be lost sight of that Wells' "God, the Invisible King," is not that Veiled Being, as one would naturally suppose, but this finite God, the Captain of Mankind. Anyone taking up Wells' book with the thought that he is going to learn anything about God, as God is usually conceived, will be disappointed. Some day in the endless future the black wrappings may be pierced—that is all that Mr. Wells vouchsafes the reader.

But what does he give us? He gives us a God within. Men experience God—realize him; under a multitude of names, under veils and darkness, God comes into countless lives. Wells writes of a cardinal experience which is an undoubting, immediate sense of God, saying as to that: "It is the attainment of an absolute certainty that one is not alone in oneself. It is as if one was touched at every point by a being akin to oneself, sympathetic, beyond measure wiser, steadfast, and pure in aim. It is completer and more intimate, but it is like standing side by side with and touching someone that we love very dearly and trust completely. It is as if this being bridged a thousand misunderstandings and brought us into fellowship with a great multitude of other people. 'Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.'

"The moment may come while we are alone in the darkness, under the stars, or while we walk by ourselves, or in a crowd, or while we sit and muse. It may come upon the sinking ship or in the tumult of the battle. There is no saying when it may not come to us. But after it has come, our lives are changed, God is with us, and there is no more doubt of God.

Thereafter one goes about the world like one who was lonely and has found a lover, like one who was perplexed and has found a solution. One is assured that there is a Power that fights with us against the confusion and evil within and without. There comes into the heart an essential and enduring happiness and courage."

The flaw in Wells' book seems to The Pacific to be that he tells the reader in one paragraph that a man attains to an absolute certainty that he is not alone in himself, that he feels as if he were standing side by side with and touching some one else—a lover and helper, one to be trusted completely; and then in almost the next paragraph he tumbles all this over by the assertion that, after all, it is the self that does this; that there is no other, no lover and helper, no one fighting with us against the confusion and evil within and without. He quotes Sir Francis Younghusband, who, after much suffering, reconstructed his religion; and who wrote finally that he had found it impossible longer to believe in the existence of "an outside Providence, who created us, who watches over us, and who guides our lives like a Merciful Father."

That idea Younghusband could no longer accept. "But of the existence of a Holy Spirit radiating upward through all animate beings, and finding its fullest expression—in man; in love; and in the flowers, in beauty," wrote Younghusband, "we can be as certain as of anything in the world." * * * "This fiery spiritual impulsion at the center and the source of things, ever burning in us, is the supremely important factor in our existence. It does not always attain to light. In many directions it fails; the conditions are too hard and it is utterly blocked. In others it only partially succeeds. But in a few it bursts into radiant light. There are few who in some heavenly moment of their lives have not been conscious of its presence. We may not be able to give it outward expression; but we know that it is there."

Mr. Wells declares that it cannot be asserted that Sir Francis Younghusband came to a full sense of the true God, but he gives what we have quoted to indicate how near he came to God.

On one page he states that his conception of God is "as an immortal being arising out of man, and external to the individual man." Again he says that "he changes and becomes more even as a man's purpose gathers itself together; that somewhere in the dawning of mankind he had a beginning, an awakening, and that as mankind grows he grows."

Conscious of the fact that he will be told that this "is

no more than saying that God is the collective mind and purpose of the human race," that "this is no God but merely the sum of mankind," he informs the reader that "those who believe in the new ideas very steadfastly deny that." And then on the two or three pages on which he attempts to show reason for such denial, he declares: "He is a being of the minds and in the minds of men." He is not merely the best of all of us, but a Being in himself, composed of that but more than that"—this latter statement follows by only a few words the statement that somewhere in the dawning of mankind he had a beginning, and that as mankind grows he grows."

It was about seventy-five years ago that M. Comte compounded a religion of which Huxley scornfully wrote: "That the incongruous mixture of bad science and eviscerated papistry out of which Comte manufactured the positive religion will be the heir of the ages, I have too much respect for the humanity of the future to believe. The Positivist asks me to worship Humanity; that is, to adore the generalized conception of men as they ever have been, and probably ever will be. I must reply that I could just as soon bow down and worship the generalized conception of a wilderness of apes."

Comte, having denied the existence of God, invented as a substitute his "Grand Etre." Dr. Fitchett, in "The Beliefs of Unbeliefs," says: "He proposed to his followers, as an object of worship, the sum total of humanity minus its useless members, and plus a percentage of the more helpful animals. 'We begin with an unknown sum of past, present, and future men; from this we are told to subtract an unknown sum total of useless men, and to the remainder we are told to add a fourth unknown sum of helpful animals.' These four unknowns, put together, were to make one great Known, the Supreme Being of M. Comte. The first sum total was an abstraction; the sum deducted was an abstraction; the result is an unknown fraction of an unknowable abstraction."

Comte wrote: "A deeper study of the great universal order reveals to us at length the ruling power within it of the true Great Being, whose destiny is to bring that order continually to perfection by constantly conforming to its laws, and which thus best represents to us that system as a whole. This undeniable Providence, the supreme dispenser of our destinies, becomes in the natural course the common centre of our affections, our thoughts, and our actions. Although this Great Being evidently exceeds the utmost strength of any, even of any collective human force, its necessary constitution and its peculiar function endow it with the truest sympathy toward all its servants. The least among us can and ought constantly to aspire to maintain and even to improve this Being. This natural object of all our activity, both public and private, determines the true character of the rest of our existence, whether in feeling or in thought; which must be devoted to love, and to know, in order rightly to serve our Providence, by a wise use of all the means which it furnishes to us. Reciprocally this continued service, whilst strengthening our true unity, renders us at once both happier and better."

It has been well said concerning the foregoing: "This sounds entirely reverent; yet the Great Being of Comte was but Humanity itself."

Unlike Comte, who dismissed an intelligent maker from the universe, Mr. Wells makes a suggestive gesture in vacant space, declares, however, "complete agnosticism in the matter of God, the Creator," and proceeds then to construct a being similar to that constructed by Comte, and calls that being "God the Redeemer."

What he sets forth concerning "God the Redeemer" would be, in the main, satisfactory if he linked this God with the Veiled Being—the Ultimate of Exstence. But he doesn't do this. His words are: "The new religion does not pretend that the God of its life is that Being, or that he has any relation of control or association with that Being."

Nor will Mr. Wells allow anyone to call "the God of his book," "the Christ," or the Logos. He writes: "We do not presume to theorize about the nature of the veiled being, nor about that being's relations to God and to Life. Here he apparently places "the God of his book" above the veiled being; and Life above the veiled being also, practically recalling that well-meaning gesture made in vacant space.

He goes on to say: "We do not recognize any consistent sympathetic possibilities between these outer beings and our God. Our God is, we believe, like Prometheus, a rebed. He is unfilial. And the accepted figure of Jesus, instinct with meek submission, is not the tone of our worship. It is not by suffering that God conquers death, but by fighting. Incidentally, our God dies a million deaths, but the thing that matters is not the deaths, but the immortality."

Toward the close of his book Mr. Wells indulges in one expression which indicates further a disposition on his part to wipe out his significant gesture toward a Veiled Being, the Ultimate of Existence. Writing of what he calls "the abstract and futile Deism of the eighteenth century," he says: "It conceived of God as an infinite Being of no particular character, whereas God is a finite being of a very especial character." Not two Gods any longer—not God the Veiled Being; but, God the finite being. The latter has swept the former away!

When Mr. Wells pictures his God, the God of the renascent religion, as a worker in the world, he becomes an inspiration. The idea of "God as the Invisible King of the whole world," he writes, "means not merely that God is to be made and declared the head of the world, but that the Kingdom of God is to be present throughout the whole fabric of the world, that the kingdom of God is to be in the teaching at the village school, in the planning of the railway siding of the market town, in the mixing of the mortar at the building of the workman's house."

The servant of God has no business with wealth or power except to use them immediately in the service of God," says Wells. "Himself and all that he has must be dedicated to God."

"God takes all. He takes you, blood and bones and houses and acres, he takes skill and influence and expectations. For all the rest of your life you are nothing but God's agent. If you are not prepared for so complete a surrender, then you are infinitely remote from God. You must go your way. Here you are merely a curious interloper. Perhaps you have been desiring God as an experience, or coveting him as a possession. You have not begun to understand. This that we are discussing in this gook is as yet nothing for you."

Mr. Wells expresses the profound conviction that the kingdom of God on earth is "not a metaphor, not a mere spiritual state, not a dream, not an uncertain project," but that it is "the close and inevitable destiny of mankind."

"In a few score years the faith of the true God will be spreading about the world. The few halting confessions of God that one hears here and there today, like that little twittering of birds which comes before the dawn, will have swollen to a choral unanimity. In but a few centuries the whole world will be openly, confessedly, preparing for the kingdom. In but a few centuries God will have led us out of the dark forest of these present wars and confusions into the open brotherhood of his rule."

Just at the end of his book he gives the Church a challenge: "The time is at hand when many of the organized Christian churches will be forced to define their positions, either in terms that will identify with this renascence or that will lead to the release of their more liberal adherents."

What this renascence is, of which he makes himself a herald, is thus stated in brief: "Modern religion has no revelation and no founder; it is the privilege and possession of no coterie of disciples or exponents; it is appearing simultaneously round and about the world exactly as a crystallizing substance appears here and there in a supersaturated solution. It is a process of truth, guided by the divinity in men. It needs no other guidance, and no protection. It needs nothing but freedom, free speech, and honest statement. * * * It has no church, no authorities, no teachers, no orthodoxy. It does not even thrust and struggle among the other things; simply it grows clear. There will be no putting an end to it. It arrives inevitably, and it will continue to separate itself out from confusing ideas. It becomes as it were the Koh-i-noor; it is a Mountain of Light, growing and increasing. It is an all-pervading lucidity, a brightness and clearness. It has no head to smite, no body you can destroy; it overleaps all barriers; it breaks out in despite of every enclosure. It will compel all things to orient themselves to it. It comes as the dawn comes, through whatever clouds and mists may be here, or whatever smoke and curtains may be there. It comes as the day comes to the ships that put to sea.

"It is the kingdom of God at hand."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, of the City Temple, London, spent part of August on the war front as the guest of the British Government.

A few days before the death of Lord Kitchener, the Rev. Dr. Clifford asked him if he saw any reason for revising his judgment as to the war lasting three years. Kitchener expressed the belief that the war would be longer rather than the reverse.

Canon Goudge of the Church of England expressed the conviction recently that the Kingdom of God is not to come by the slow and steady leavening of the meal of human society. And it seems to him that to set this war directly against the will of God and make it wholly evil is to deny to God the sovereignty of the world, and to make it impossible to believe that all things work together for good to them that love Him.

The Pan-Pacific Building at San Diego is the headquarters of the Naval Recruits Association, says Association Men. "Open air services are held in the great organ pavilion and at Imperial Beach and Point Loma. Possibly 50,000 soldiers will be at Linda Vista, 11 miles from San Diego. George A. Marston, president of the Association, a member of the national War Council and a leading business man of San Diego, will give large blocks of his time to the work and the Association will maintain and safeguard men 'on leave' in the city, for which 100 citizens have been appointed."

The British Government has refused passports to the Rev. Stanley A. Mellor, a Unitarian minister in Liverpool, who was invited to give an address at the general conference of Unitarians of the United States and Canada to be held in Montreal the last week in September. He was invited to give the Conference sermon. The pulpit occupied by him in Liverpool is that made famous by James Martineau. The Rev. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, speaks of this as "a second Bertrand Russell case," and says in that connection: "As the last biennial conference voted to hold its next session session in Montreal, the Executive Council, which has the arrangements in charge, decided that it would be a particularly appropriate time to invite an English minister to preach the Conference sermon. Mr. Mellor was known to us as a brilliant man, and he was suggested as being available. At the same time, we felt that we didn't know the English Unitarian ministers well enough to make a final selection without further inquiry. We, therefore, communicated with Mr. Copeland Bowie, secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. He submitted the names of three men, one of whom was Mr. Mellor. We thereupon decided on Mr. Mellor, and submitted our choice to the Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, minister of the Montreal Church, and his congregation. They endorsed the selection, and urged that it be made final. Mr. Mellor is president of the Unitarian Peace Society, which co-operates with the League for Democratic Control and other pacifist organizations in Great Britain. He is known as a pacifist, but his reputation as a preacher, and his standing among his colleagues are of such a character that his pacifist views were not regarded as affecting in any serious degree his availability for the highest honor which the Unitarians of this country could offer."

INTERVIEW WITH A MISSIONARY RECENTLY FROM ARMENIA.

Armenian lives, greatly imperiled since the outbreak of the war, can only be saved by American money, which can be used for the purchase of grain, as the harvest in Armenia is going to be fairly good. This was one of the statements made to a Boston Transcript reporter a few days ago by Rev. Harry H. Riggs, a missionary at Harpoot for a number of years, acting under the auspices of the American Board. Mr. Riggs returned from Turkey recently. The party which arrived at an American port consisted of fifty-seven missionaries, five of whom were from Harpoot and the rest from other sections of Turkey, principally the south. Before coming on to Boston Mr. Riggs was in consultation over the situation with the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee in New York, of which Charles R. Crane is treasurer, and to whom funds are sent. Mr. Riggs will not go back to the Turkish field until the close of the war; either will any of the other missionaries.

The early experiences of the missionaries in Turkey now pretty well known through the arrival in this country of others during the past two years. Mr. Riggs' recital of conditions includes a review of the mobilization of the troops, but with no disasters until the summer of 1915. Then all supplies were requisitioned, and from that time on, Mr. Riggs says, it was a continuation of trouble, which found its inception in the charge of the Turkish Government that the Armenians were disloyal. It was then that the removal of the Armenian population began, the edict having gone forth that all were to be removed safely to other places. Few ever reached their destination, and

these only women and children, for all the men were killed. Thus, said Mr. Riggs, with the bread winners gone, the survivors could only be kept alive through the ministration of the missionaries, and that has been a herculean task from that time down to the present. While there were only some hundreds of Armenians in Harpoot after the deportation, the number soon was increased to 7000 through arrivals of others from the surrounding country, and it is these 7000 that have especially been in the care of Mr. Riggs and others during these perilous days. Meanwhile many were dying of starvation, disease and exposure, some having been on the march for a whole month end and could not stand the strain.

The Kurds, who are Moslems, but not in strong sympathy with the Turkish officials, have been kind to the Armenians and supplied them food when they could, but the time came later when they had to look after themselves, so that they could do nothing for the others.

"When diplomatic relations with the United States were broken off," said Mr. Riggs, "the Turkish Government seized all our possessions, and after that we could do nothing. We were not under guard, however. The food situation began to grow desperate, and even the soldiers could get little, so there was nothing left for us to do but to make ready to return home. It was arranged that our work should be carried on as best it could be by a Danish woman. Miss Marie Jacogsen of Copenhagen, who had been acting under the American Board. She will henceforth carry on the relief work under the protection of the German missionaries, who have all along been most kind to the other missionaries and are heartily in sympathy with the work. These German missionaries went to Turkey in 1886, following the war, to take care of the orphans. Their work also has been severely handicapped because of the present war.

"For a time funds for Armenian relief work stopped entirely. Recently the Red Cross made a contribution for the work, and while I was in Switzerland I learned that $100,000 had been sent. Now that the harvest has come in this will somewhat relieve the situation, though not as much land as formerly has been cultivated, owing to the lack of men. When I left Harpoot wheat was selling at $22 a bushel, but the situation has been somewhat improved since then."

Mr. Riggs explained that it is the Armenians who are the hope of the country, which will be put way back if they are wiped out.

In speaking of the attitude manifested by the Turks toward the war Mr. Riggs said that the rank and file are utterly discouraged because of the economic situation, but, of course, the officials are bound to speak optimistically.

In leaving Turkey he and his party were considerably delayed, although they were treated with courtesy. In Constantinople they were held up six weeks because of having to go through Austria. Finally permission was obtained, but they were not allowed to leave the train as they passed through. When they arrived in Switzerland Mr. Riggs said there was a good deal of discussion about Mr. Gerard and his book, but he heard no unpleasant criticism. The return trip to America was made from Bordeaux, and no unpleasant incident happened on the way over.

As to the future of Armenia everything depends on furnishing food to the population. In Harpoot the Turkish Government place no hindrance in the way of relief work, but this cannot be said of other places. This more kindly disposition toward Harpoot is due entirely to the local officials. Mr. Riggs says that at the outbreak of the war a Capuchin father was working in his district under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, but he was sent out of the country. When Mr. Riggs left there were about 7000 Armenians in Harpoot entirely dependent on the help of others. In the districts surrounding that place there are, all told, 30,000 of them.

A VISITOR IN NEW ORLEANS.

Alice in Wonderland was fascinated with the idea of seeing the land "on the other side of her great mirror," and was finally allowed her wish, seeing many strange and curious sights and personages.

To the visitor in New Orleans the sights are fully as strange and interesting and even rather awesome at times when one stops to think of the history that is attached to many of the buildings and parks.

One does not need a mirror to step through to see these strange places, in place of the mirror one needs but to step across Canal street and from a hustling American city he is immediately in Old France, has rolled back time and history and is viewing customs long since forgotten elsewhere. Canal street itself is a relic of the times when a goodly sized canal lead from the Mississippi River for miles through the city and into the country beyond. Where street cars now make their way, automobiles imperil lives, and even horses are seen, barges and sailing boats carried their loads of cotton and passengers.

The streets of the old section are paved with flagstones and lined with small houses, none over two stories in height, fronting directly on the sidewalks. The French hospitality must all be on the inside for the houses present blank faces to the streets, no lawns or yards, small steps leading directly from the rooms onto the walks. All windows and often the doors are covered with heavy wooden shutters which are at all times kept carefully closed and the passerby has no opportunity to be amused or shocked by interior views.

Statues, buildings, tablets, all bear mute testimony of past grandeur, famous names and romantic events. The buildings where the old lottery drawings were held still stands; on a corner is the house built by one who had plans made to rescue Napoleon and bring him to this land. Plans with which Napoleon was not unacquainted, but which his death prevented an attempt at fulfillment. Not far from here stands an old blacksmithshop which has, been, and still is, doing business at the same old stand for nearly a century and a quarter. The property and business of the LaFitte family, famed in that locality as a band of daring pirates and upon whose heads the governing powers had set a reward. These men, hunted by their government, at one time saved the entire city by giving timely warning of the approach of the enemy, for which act they were restored to their freedom and rights.

An interesting day can be spent in the old French cemetery, now closed for business but open to visitors. Owing to the fact that city is lower than the Mississippi River water is encountered at about four feet which prevents burials underground. The cemetery occupies three squares each of which is enclosed with a thick brick wall. Those affording it had vaults, some of which are finely made, but for those desiring burial in the sacred ground but not affording a vault, had "ovens," as they are called, built into the walls surrounding the grounds. These range in tiers of from two to four in heighth, and are sold outright or rented. According to current stories many of these "ovens" were simply rented out, and if the payments were not made after a certain length of time the few remain-

ing bones were simply pushed to the back of the "oven" and place made for a new occupant. With the exception of a very few, all of the vaults and name plates bear French or Spanish names and inscriptions and many date back into the latter part of the eighteenth century. Some bear mute witness of the terrible epidemic of yellow fever and a few to the fact that the occupant fell a victim to the old Code of Honor.

In one of the magnificent parks stands the "Duelling Oak," under which the gentlemen came to settle their personal difficulties with rapier or pistol. This was the acknowledged duelling ground for the city, and the tradition connected with this spot is that on one Sunday morning some fourteen duels were fought. Small wonder that the cemetery is crowded.

One romance of the early days had its culmination in a manner which will ever perpetuate the name of John McDonald, a wealthy young planter who dared to pay court to the daughter of a Spanish gentleman of a proud family. This old Don refused to permit McDonald to pay attentions to to his daughter, the acknowledged belle of her time, because McDonald could not show as proud a lineage as the Don required. In his anger McDonald withdrew to his plantation across the river, saying he would some time be able to buy and sell the entire family of the Don many times over, a threat which he proceeded to put into execution by living the life of a hermit and amassing a great fortune. Upon his death this fortune was left to establish schools in New Orleans, the only provision being that once a year the school children should strew his grave with flowers; a provision which is faithfully kept. On account of this shattered romance one sees all over the city magnificent school buildings, each bearing the name of the donor.

One strange custom of the old French section is worth a passing word in this day of high costs. The thrifty housewife can go to her neighborhood store and make a purchase in the amount of two and a half cents, pay her nickle and receive in return with the merchandise what is known as a "quatre check" representing the remaining value to her. This can be used at any time for future purchase and the coins pass freely in the section.

Thus interwoven, one sees the results of the French and Spanish, the early works of our own government, the accomplishments and scars of the rebellion, the struggles of a people for freedom, and over all a spirit in these days of complete unity and purpose and mind.

GEO. H. DEKAY, JR.

THE WAR-TIME WORK OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

At a conference of the executive leaders of the National War Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States, just held in New York City, under the chairmanship of Dr. John R. Mott, general secretary of the Council, who has recently returned from Russia, the present scope of the Association's work for the men now under arms in the United States was announced.

Work is being carried on in one hundred and eighty-six camps, and for lesser groups and detachments at two hundred and forty-five other places; two hundred and sixty-five buildings have been erected or are now under construction; sixty-three tents are in use; one hundred and eleven new buildings have been authorized but contracts for these are not yet let and thirty-four buildings in addition are now under consideration. The buildings here listed do not include those rented by the Association or loaned by the Government, but include only those put up especially for this Army work. Nine hundred and eighty-seven secretaries are now at work and one thousand one hundred and eighty-one are yet to be assigned to work, though most of these have been chosen, and are shortly to go to the National Guard Camps and National Army cantonments. This number does not include about one hundred and fifty secretaries already at work overseas for American troops in France and England.

The Young Men's Christian Association Army and Navy work in this country is divided into six departments, corresponding to the military departments into which Continental United States is divided. Detailed report for each of these divisions is as follows:

In the Northeastern Department, with headquarters at Boston, the Association is working for the men under arms at sixteen main points and eighteen lesser centers; there are one hundred and forty-six secretaries at work; twenty-two buildings have already been erected or are under construction; twenty-two tents are in use; one new building has been authorized.

In the Eastern Department, with headquarters at New York City, the Association work is being carried on at sixty-three points; there are one hundred and eighty secretaries; two hundred and eighty other secretaries are yet to be assigned; sixty-seven buidlings have been erected or are under construction; forty-one tents are in use; fifteen new buildings have been authorized.

In the Southeastern Department with headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia, work is being carried on at twenty-four points; three hundred and twenty-five secretaries are at work; one hundred and fifty other secretaries aer yet to be assigned; fifty buildings have been erected or are under construction; forty-five new buildings have been authorized and twenty-six are under consideration.

In the Central Department with headquarters at Chicago, Ill., work is being conducted at thirty-six points; one hundred and fifty-six secretaries are at work; two hundred and seventy-one other secretaries are yet to be assignd; thirty-two buildings have been erected or are under construction; thirty-one new buildings are authorized and twelve are under consideration.

In the Southern Department with headquarters at San Antonio, Texas, work is being carried on at sixteen main points and two hundred and twelve lesser centers (these latter largely being served by traveling secretaries with auto trucks); seventy-seven secretaries are at work; three hundred and fifty-nine others are yet to be assigned; sixty-five buildings have been erected or are under construction; thirteen new buildings have been authorized.

In the Western Department with headquarters at San Francisco, California, work is being carried on at thirty-one main points and fifteen lesser centers; one hundred and three secretaries are at work; one hundred and twenty other secretaries are yet to be assigned; twenty-nine buildings have been erected or are under construction; six new buildings have been authorized.

"Why shouldn't a life
  Be free as a song,
Unembittered by strife
  And unclouded by wrong?
O my heart, be thou pure,
  O my soul, be thou strong—
As the hills that endure,
  As the mountains that throng."

A PLEA FOR NATIONAL SERVICE NOT AS A TEMPORARY MEASURE BUT AS A PERMANENT THING.

A Sermon by the Rev. Richard Roberts, Pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, New York.

Text: I am among you as he that serveth.—Luke 22:27.

I want today to uphold the principle of national service, not as an emergency measure, but as a permanent and abiding duty. To preach a moral ideal in terms of a temporary policy is to build a house upon the sand. I conceive it to be my business to plead for the principle of national service now, not on the grounds of a temporary necessity (which, please God, may soon pass away), but on the unchanging ground of moral principles that cannot pass away. It will help no country in the long run if, we turn away when the necessity is passed to grind our own axes and to exploit her and her people for our own ends of profits or pleasure. What I devoutly hope (and shall do all in my power to help) is that the new fervor of national service shall not rest upon the precarious foundation of a temporary emergency, but upon broad and abiding grounds of a genuine moral passion. And who knows but that at last God may not through the present need bring forth out of this great tragedy this supreme good: that of committing every one of us deeply, irrevocably, and to the end of our lives to the service of the Commonwealth in which by the will of God our lot is cast.

I don't know whether you realize what a reflection it is upon us that this appeal for national service should be regarded as so unusual and abnormal a thing that we should have to be especially called to it. The extent and quality of national service that the President asks for should be the normal and regular rule of our ordinary life. The trouble is, of course, here as in England, that few of us have ever settled down to think out seriously the nature and the measure of our obligations to the community. Of course there are some in every community who have no sense of that obligation at all, to whom the community is nothing more than a rich mine which they assiduously exploit to their own purposes. When the war broke out there were in England a number of horse dealers who swept the country, buying up all the horses they could in order to create a monopoly and so to be able to demand their own price for the animals from the Government, and in a similar spirit the great shipping kings, the great milling companies, the drink interests and other monopolies with one accord began to secure and to enlarge their profits out of the needs of the nation, trading upon its emergency and its danger, holding it up, as it were, to a ransom in the hour of its necessity and peril. But they were, after all, only carrying out the logic of their peace time practices. Yet I assure you that many of the very people who were doing this thing were among the most vociferous patriots, and most contemptuous and vituperative of the "slackers and shirkers," who would not go and die for them while they were gathering in their dividends. But, as I said, they were only carrying out the logic of their peace time practices. Others, of course, there were, who recognized that they owed their country a different kind of duty and honorably surrendered the chances of increased gains. But the reason why this kind of thing is wrong in war time is also the precise reason why it is wrong in peace time, the only difference being that the lurid lights of war throw up the baseness of the practice into bolder and more definite relief. And it all arises out of a wrong conception of one's own relation to the community.

And in this connection one of the chief values of this crisis is that it compels us to accept a true and right relation to the community practically. I should not, perhaps, use the word compel. The rightly constituted person instinctively recognizes it and assents to it. The further step we have to take is to recognize that this instinct rests upon an abiding and unchanging moral principle. The occasion which evokes the instinct is temporary; the ground upon which it rests is permanent. And our real problem is to fix this new attitude, to translate it into a settled way of life. Now let me state the right principle in his matter in the words of a master, which are infinitely better and more impressive than any I could find or devise. I will read you, with your permission, a passage from Ruskin's "Unto This Last":

"Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily in every civilized nation:

"The soldiers' profession is to defnd it.

"The pastor's to teach it.

"The physcian's to keep it in health.

"The lawyer's to enforce justice in it.

"The merchant's to provide for it.

"And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to die for it.

" 'On due occasion,' namely:

"The soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

"The physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

"The pastor, rather than teach falsehood.

"The lawyer, rather than countenance injustice.

"The merchant, what is his 'due occasion' of death?

"It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die does not know how to live. Observe, the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both), is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. This stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very roots the qualities of the thing he deals in and the means of obtaining or producing it, and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the chapest possible price where it is most needed.

"And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor, so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead, and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells, in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed.

"And as into these two functions, requiring for their right exercise the highest intelligence as well as patience, kindness and tact, the merchant is bound to put all his energy, so for their just discharge he is bound, as soldier or physician is bound, to give up, if need be, his life, in

such way as many be demanded of him. Two main points he has in his providing function to maintain: first, his engagements (faithfulness to engagements being the real root of all possibilities in commerce); and, second, the perfectness and purity of the thing provided; so that, rather than fail in any engagement, or consent to any deterioration, adulteration or unjust and exorbitant price of that which he provides, he is bound to meet fearlessly any form of distress, poverty, or labor which may, through maintenance of these points, come upon him."

Now, that seems to me to be the last word upon the subject; it is every man's duty—on due occasion—to die for his country * * * not exclusively or even necessarily—in happier times, perhaps not at all—on the field of battle; but to put it quit simply, that it is the merchant's duty to die of starvation rather than palm off inferior or adulterated goods on the community, to suffer all manner of privation rather than do his country the disservice and the dishonor of dumping shoddy and trash upon its markets or of trading dishonestly upon it or with it in any way. For the merchant and the lawyer and the preacher—no less than for the soldier—the motto should be, "Death rather than dishonor." The ethics of the finest military chivalry should be the ethics no less of the marketplace. And neither merchant nor lawyer nor preacher nor doctor has begun to understand the nature of his relation to the community until he is able to appropriate for himself and to say with the Lord Jesus Christ those great and gracious words, "I am among you as he that serveth."

"As he that serveth"—not as he who is going to make money out of you, or to regard you as legitimate objects of subjection and exploitation; not as he that ruleth or domineereth; not as a boss or a jack-in-office, but simply as one who recognizes that under God he owes all of the joy and gladness of life he has to the community in which he lives, and that he is there to make as adequate a return for all his wealth of life to the community; who, if he have a prosperous business, regards it not as a private gold mine, but as a great and solemn opportunity of public service; who, if he have property, regards it not as something which he holds for himself by an infrangible right, but as a sacred trust for the people among whom he dwells; who, if he have children, thinks it not his chief duty to prepare for them an inheritance that may enable them to dwell in ildeness and ease, but rather to prepare them for living service to their fellow men; who, if he have knowledge or culture or some faculty of art, does not cherish his gift in solitude or sell it for profit, but pours it into the common stock for the increase of the total wealth of life. "As he that serveth"—all the time and at whatever cost to himself—this is the true patriot; and there is no other.

But we must even go a step further than this. The patriot whose motto is "I am among you as he that serveth will apply it to the relation of his country to the world, and will wish that his Nation shall stand out among the nations and declare to them, "I am among you as he that serveth." And it is one of the merits of the President's appeal that the major emphasis in it is upon the duty of national service, not for narrow national ends, but in a great supranational cause. And however much one may deplore the immediate occasion and method of this service—as you know I quite frankly do—it would be singularly ungrateful to ignore the clear presence of this larger note with all that it promises of hope for the future of the world. For it is one of those great germinal creative notes which, once sounded, can never be silenced or forgotten! And when the clouds of this conflict are scattered, and its dust is laid, and the wounds are healed, this note will go echoing on its conquering way. For it is going to be the note of the future. The nations will learn that they have one common cause; that they are not separate and independent groups out for distinct and irreconciliable ends; that they are all alike called and committed to the task of finishing this unfinished world and making it that fair and lovely home of man that God meant it to be. Just as we are called to create new nations on the principle of the free and joyful mutual service of individuals, so we are called to create—and in the very process of re-creating the nations will create, a new world on the principle of the free and joyful mutual service of nations. Hitherto the world has known little of international alliances save for purposes of war, but out of this war, please God, we may see a great international alliance, for the fairer purposes of peace. But these large-scale projects are not going to come to anything except as we realize the spirit and practice of them in relations more intimate and immediate in our own daily lives. I observe that a large store in New York has offered itself to the President as a working unit in this emergency; and hat is all to the good, but the lesson we must learn is that that is the only right principle not only in emergencies, but in commonplace times as well. Every business is or should be a working unit, not for profit at any time, but for the public good; not in a compulsory or conscripted way, but deliberately and freely and spontaneously.

Suppose we could get all the great trades of the country definitely and deliberately organizing themselves and their work "in the interests of the public"—why, we should have the greatest industrial revolution in the world's history. And that simply and plainly is what ought to be—ought to be always in every kind of time. And such quality and measure of disinterested national service as the President is calling for today, established and deliberately grounded upon the great and eternal moral principles which require that it shall become a permanent habit of life, would by the sheer momentum of the moral idea which it contains and the impulse of the moral passion which it would generate, itself become the most powerful, the most vigorously creative energy of that comity of nations to which this bleeding, war-weary world is looking today with eager and strained eyes.

"I am among you as he that serveth"—that a man should sincerely say that and live it is to enroll himself as the ally of Christ in the supreme moral task of redeeming and reconciling the world to God and to itself."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the Rev. Dr. Frank S. Fitch will speak on "The Programme of Protestantism."

The Rev. Norman Pendleton has been called to the pastorate at Guerneville and will enter on the work the first of October. He has had charge of the federated churches at Middletown in Lake county for the last three years.

The Bay Association will meet next Tuesday with the Boulevard Congregational Church, Oakland. The time for opening is 2:30. At three o'clock the Rev. Ralph B. Larkin will speak on "The Present Opportunity of the Church." This address will be followed by discussion. At 3:45 the Rev. S. C. Patterson will speak on "The Future Outlook of the Church." Discussion will also follow this address. Other afternoon addresses: "The Problem of the Greek Immigrant," by Mr. Alex. Angelou; "With the Men in Service," Rev. George H. DeKay. In the evening

there will be an address by the Rev. W. W. Willard on "The Unfolding Drama." Supper will be served at 6:30 for 35 cents.

REV. CHARLES C. CRAGIN.

Rev. Charles C. Cragin, who had recently made his home in Santa Rosa, California, died August 27, while on a visit to his brother William, in Hoquiam, Washington. His wife, who was Miss Laura E. Williams of Santa Rosa, had accompanied him, and ministered to him in his brief illness.

Mr. Cragin was one of five stalwart brothers, two of whom survive him. He was born in Providence, R. I., in 1841. He graduated with honors at Brown University; and when he gave his commencement address, he wore his soldier uniform, being under enlistment in the 2nd R. I. Infantry. When but 21 years of age, he was captain of heavy artillery, serving till the close of the war.

He studied at Chicago and Andover Theological Seminaries. He was first married to Miss Elizabeth Remmington of Rhode Island, and to them were born four children, all of whom have passed with her to the other world.

During his forty years' ministry he served the following parishes: Owotomma, Min.; Watertown, Wis.; McGregor, Ia.; Bethany Congregational Church, Chicago, and the California churches at Rio Vista, Sebastopol, Sonoma, Lincoln, Palermo, and Sunol Glen.

Rev. Mr. Beard of Hoquiam, conducted the local funeral service. The body was buried in the G. A. R. cemetery at The Dalles, Oregon, in the family lot of his brother William. The Rev. A. B. Patten of Forest Grove, Oregon, accompanied Mrs. Cragin to The Dalles, and led the burial service, Rev. Frank Maples assisting.

To write in esteem of Mr. Cragin is a solemn joy. He was a gentleman and saint of the old school and a student and citizen of the new. He was grounded in the history and lore of the Christian past as are few men, and yet his thinking was as fresh and vital as the tides of modern life. He was optimistic and creative to the end.

He was a thinking man,—but he was more and better; he was always thoughtful. He was a man of fine attentions. So he was ever well-groomed and courtly in his own person, and courteous and kindly toward others. He did everything decently and in order, but he put the soul of a gentleman into all his attentions. Someone has well said, he was enamored of accuracy—but it was accuracy actuated by the passion to serve reputably and well.

It is needless to say that, with such qualities, he always commanded respect, and won leadership. Then he had the kind of culture that is not spelled with a "k." This will be indicated by his varied devotions. At the time of his death, he was president of the Santa Rosa Shakespeare Club, superintendent of the Congregational Sunday school, and president of the Boy Scout association.

He was a minister by nature and a saint in his deepest instincts. It was natural to call him a gentleman of the cloth, for his genial dignity was of the very fabric of the soul. Then he was a citizen-saint whose devotions were directed to the people's God and to the public good. He was a soldier of intrepid courage for the right against the wrong. He was no pacifist unless peace could be achieved with honor. Only a few weeks before his death he wrote in a "circle letter" to his brothers, "Much good has already come from the war, and much more will come. I have been afraid that the war might close before the United States had a part in this world-wide struggle for humanity, and that we should be remembered for our flabbiness and our gratification with our financial profits, while the world was fighting its Armageddon." There will be ample place both in the adorations and in the ardors of heaven for this good man. A. B. PATTEN.

MISSION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

Ten members were received into fellowship at Mission Church, San Francisco, Sunday, September 2, five by letter and five on confession. There is marked increase in the attendance at both morning and evening services. Prof. Nash, of the California School of Music has geen engaged gy the church to take charge of the singing. Prof. Nash will begin his work at once by developing the local talent of the church into a strong chorus. Steps have also been taken by the new pastor to place the church on a substantial financial basis for efficient work. Under the very efficient leadership of Miss Charlotte McCord the Sunday-school is doing most excellent work and the attendance on the increase.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY FIELD NOTES.

After a short rest, Pastor Boren, of Alton, is resuming services on Sunday morning with the hope that the community will take greater interest in church life and activity.

At the morning service in Eureka, August 26th, special efforts were made to increase our subscriptions to benevolence under the leadership of the Church Building Secretary. With the amount raised and what may come from the Sunday school and W. M. S., the full apportionment it is hoped will be reached ere December 31st. Pastor Ogg having with his family sojourned in the country for his vacation, is resuming his labors with enthusiasm and vigor. Aside from the mid-week service, he has a Bible study class on Tuesday evening, and another on Friday afternoon.

Owing to the suspension of the mill at Falk and the consequent removal of most of the people, services were abandoned—both church and Sunday school. Now that the mill is resuming again, hope is entertained some leader may be found to gather the young folks into Sunday school and give an occasional sermon to those willing to come.

Pastor Douglass and his wife, of Ferndale, are making a lasting impression upon the parish, and though multitudes do not flock to the house of the Lord, a reliable and appreciative audience greets him Sunday by Sunday. Recently Church Building was presented by the Coast Secretary, and in the evening Hon. Frank McGowan, an attorney of San Francisco, but a native of Humboldt county, addressed a rather large audience on "The Religious Phases of the War." Hope had been that the new church edifice would be erected this summer, but the advance in prices was too forbidding, so work was postponed until next year when material may be cheaper. Several subscriptions were paid and money is now in the bank drawing interest. Among the donors is Mrs. Russ, long a resident of Ferndale, formerly a member of the church, but identified with Christian Science. Though somewhat changed in her views she continues interested in the church, which begun its work in 1875, when she and her husband were youthful pioneers in Humboldt.

Owing to the war and the closing of certain activities, services are slimly attended at Fields Landing. Pastor

Skee of Loleta preaches every other Sunday evening, sometimes with a fair audience. Mrs. Field, so long a resident, and always devoted to the church, continues her good work in the small Sunday school, and encourages in every way possible the church services.

Under the leadership of Pastor Boren of the Disciples Church, the outlook at Hydesville is somewhat encouraging. Services are held by both churches in the edifice of the latter, while the pastor lives in the Congregational parsonage.

Audiences, once so large and encouraging at Rohnerville, are shrunken somewhat, though a good brother connected with the Humboldt times of Eureka preaches on Sunday evenings, and finds the young people taking considerable interest in the movement.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Givenchy village lies a wreck, Givenchy church is bare,
No more the peasant maidens come to say their vespers there.
The altar rails are wrenched apart, with rubble littered o'er,
The sacred, broken sanctuary lamp lies smashed upon the floor;
And mute upon the crucifix He looks upon it all—
The great white Christ, the shrapnel-scourged, upon the eastern wall.

He sees the churchyard delved by shells, the tombstones flung about,
And dead men's skulls, and white, white bones the shells have shoveled out;
The trenches running line by line through meadow fields of green,
The bayonets on the parapets, the wasting flesh between;
Around Givenchy's ruined church the levels, poppy-red,
Are set apart for silent hosts, the legions of the dead.

And when at night on sentry-go, with danger keeping tryst,
I see upon the crucifix the blood-stained form of Christ
Defiled and maimed, the merciful on vigil all the time,
Pitying his children's wrath, their passion and their crime.
Mute, mute He hangs upon His Cross, the symbol of His pain,
And as men scourged Him long ago, they scourge Him once again—
There in the lonely war-lit night to Christ the Lord I call,
"Forgive the ones who work Thee harm, O Lord, forgive us all."

—Patrick MacGill in Soldier Songs.

THE "HOLIDAY HABIT" IS A GOOD THING FOR ALL OF US.

"To all things," quoth the preacher, "there is an appointed season." Responsibility must not weigh down on one all the time. Why take it to bed with one at night? That only spoils sleep. Why allow it to sit opposite us at the dinner-table? It ruins digestion. A day in the country with a fishing-rod and bag is a wonderfully wholesome thing for a man, and its benefits are absolutely irrespective of the concrete results of his fishing. An afternoon in the park with a book or one's fancy-work or some bird-glasses is a splendid part of a nervous woman's program. Likewise a romp with the children, a leisurely ramble in the country, or a day's trolley-trip—in fact, any yielding to those good, steadying, healthy impulses of leisure and idleness and fun.

Professor William James uses the phrase "a moral holiday," and I like it—in the sense that we can let, and ought to let, our earnest feeling of obligation, duty, and all that, slip off our shoulders now and then, while we do just what we feel like doing. I like to quote a phrase of Horace Bushnell, the great Connecticut preacher in this connection. "Let's go sin a while," said he, realizing how important it is to let up the tension occasionally even in the midst—or most of all, in the midst—of the greatest strain.

Some happy and fortunate people keep in the holiday mood all the time even in the midst of their work, and I am of the opinion that these are the most successful workers of all. At a moment's notice they can let every care drop out of mind, and take a mental romp, like children at recess. Then when the time for it comes they pick up the burden again, fresher and more vigorous. One ought always to keep a holiday in one's pocket—even if one has no pocket. It is of far more value than dumb-bells. Not that dumb-bells have no place in the scheme of things. But the kind of exercise that counts for the most is the kind that one goes to, not with virtuous resolution and tense lips, but as happily and naturally as a duck entering a pond.

It is right here that the great value of the hobby comes in, especially of the hobby that involves a certain amount of general physical "work." It may be carpentry—my young man friend and his wife that I spoke of above have had a splendid time with their tables and chairs and book-shelves. Golf and boating and swimming—indeed almost any of the outdor sports that are not too exhausting—are "A 1" hobbies. And gardening should be spoken of, too, combining, as it does, the training of the muscles and of the aesthetic sense, and serving a very desirable practical object in homemaking.

An ideal hobby calls the big body-muscles into play. For this reason carpentry is better than wood-carving, and golf is preferable to embroidery or stamp-collecting. The majority of us are better off with a hobby which does not seriously tax the eyes nor make constant calls upon the judgment—those are faculties that we need to save up for our main work. But given a side-occupation that fulfills these various requirements, it makes an admirable balance-wheel—none better—to the big responsibilities of life; and every hour that is dedicated to it helps pull out coffin-nails.—Home Journal.

For The Children.

WHY MYRA'S REPORT WAS GOOD.

"I'm most sure Myra isn't going to keep up with our grade," Alice said to her mother. "She's the nicest little girl, but she does make funny mistakes in her lessons, mamma. You just ought to hear her spell, and her writing is dreadful! The other day Miss Smith had us write letters to her about our vacation, you know, and if you'll believe it, Myra began 'Miss' with a little m instead of a capital, and Smith with a little 's'."

"Myra hasn't been going to school very long, has she?" Alices's mother inquired.

"No, mamma; she started in only two weeekss ago, but I'll tell you what I think." Alice dropped her voice a little. "Myra isn't half so quick and bright as some of

the other girls. Now there's Sadie, her cousin. She's just the same age, and they've been in school just the same time, but her leter to Miss Smith was fine. She didn't make any such funny mistakes."

"Well, we'll see," mother said wisely. "Perhaps Myra will surprise you yet."

But the next day Alice came home from school with something more to say about Myra's "funny mistakes."

"We wrote our letters to Miss Smith on the blackboard today, and you ought to nave seen how funny Myra's was. She began Monday with a little m!"

"Well, well!" said mother. "And did she write Miss Smith's name with little letters, too?"

"No, mamma; she got that part right this time. But she didn't know the days of the week had to begin with capitals."

Still another day and Alice had something else to tell mother.

"Myra isn't getting along so very well with her number work. She said today that three times eight was twenty-six! But she told me that she was going to study the three table like everything when she went home."

"Myra got 'perfect' in number work today," Alice announced next afternoon. "Miss Smith says she knows the three table best of any of us now. And its a funny thing, mamma, but her cousin Sadie got a low mark in arithmetic. It wasn't such a very big mistake, but it's the same one she's made several times, and Miss Smith said that's what she doesn't like—to have us go on making the same mistake over and over again."

"I see," said mother, thoughtfully.

It was at the end of the month that Alice reported with mingled surprise and satisfaction that Myra had received one of the very best reports in school.

"Most all her marks were good, and Miss Smith read them out to the rest of us. She said she felt proud of Myra.—she'd been afraid at first that Myra wasn't going to be able to keep up with our grade, but that she had done finely. She never'd seen anybody improve so fast. And the reason, Miss Smith said, is because Myra never lets herself make the same mistake twice. She said that kind of girl always comes out right in the end. It's a funny thing, mamma, but Sadie didn't have such a good report. She passed in everything, but she didn't have such high marks as Myra did. Miss Smith didn't say anything about it, but I know what Sadie's trouble is. She goes right on making the same mistake over and over again!"—Bertha G. Woods.

TOMMY JINKS.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Aunt Jane, "there is that terrible boy in our apple tree again. Boy! Boy!!" she called, shaking her finger reprovingly at a small figure just discernible among the leaves and branches of the tree.

"Here I am; here I am!" he jeered, standing on a low branch and waving his cap in one hand, while he held on with the other, then dropped nimgly to the ground and was gone.

"I don't mind the apples that child takes near as much as I do his tantalizing ways," she pouted.

"Aunt Jane, that is the worst boy in Gloverville—everybody says so. He fought Bennie Belden and blacked his eye, and Bennie's big brother beat him, but it never did a bit of good. He beat Tommy Haynes yesterday, and he takes apples and things from the girls. His name's Tommy Jinks, and the big boys beat him whenever they get a chance."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't beat the child," said Aunt Jane, though to be sure he's awfully bad. He looks ragged and poor. I wonder where the poor little fellow lives."

"He doesn't live anywhere, I think," said Blanche; "such a bad boy I never saw before; he unties my apron strings and snatched away the verbena bouquet I had for Miss Lucy this morning. I wish John Beldon would give him another good beating."

"I don't," said Aunt Jane resolutely, "and, children, you must never wish harm to anyone, most certainly not "such a bad boy I never saw before; he untied my apron strings they can be retied, and if he takes your bouquet—just think, dears, he has no home, and—and—"

"And no Aunt Jane," finished Blanche, putting her arm around Aunt Jane's waist and rubbing her rosy cheek against Aunt Jane's plump arm. There were tears in Aunt Jane's eyes and her lips were quivering, for she was thinking of how her darlings might have fared had she not been spared to live and work for them.

"Yes, Aunt Jane," said Frank, who did not understand the cause of his aunt's emotion, but felt her sympathy, "and everyone picks on him so—I suppose that makes him mean, too."

"And, Aunt Jane," apologized Blanche, "I did feel so angry about the flowers, I guess I must have been as bad as he was in my thoughts, but I will never wish harm to any one again."

"Now that is right of you both," said Miss Jane brightly, "just like my good children. We will have a little feast of warm apple tarts in five minutes—as soon as they are nicely browned."

"Here I am. Here I am!" shouted a shrill voice, and the children turned to the window just in time to see a small figure swing a torn hat defiantly for a moment, and then fall, branch and all, to the ground. Up the little fellow jumped, but not quickly enough to avoid Aunt Jane, who had rushed out, expecting to find Tommy Jinks bruised and maimed.

"You can't hurt me," cried Tommy, finding it impossible to break away from Aunt Jane's grasp. "You can beat me and bang me, but you can't hurt me. Ill break your trees and eat your apples, I will," he finished desperately as they entered the kitchen.

"Now," said Aunt Jane, releasing her firm grip on Tommy's arm and offering the little culprit a chair. "I'm going to give you some apple tarts with my children, and then you may go; and when you are hungry, if you'll come here, you shall have lunch with us, and in return I will be ever so much obliged if you will quit climbing my trees and shaking down my apples, for you ruin more than you eat."

Tommy Jinks looked at Miss Jane in sheepish amazement, for this was a kind of treatment he was quite unused to, but his surprise did not take away his appetite by any means, and the number of tarts he disposed of astonished even Frank. After eating, Tommy grasped his hat eagerly and disappeared as though fearing Aunt Jane might change her mind and detain him. The next afternoon he was seen standing by the same apple tree looking undecidedly toward the house. Miss Jane beckoned him in.

"You didn't want to beat me when I was in your apple tree, did you?"

"No, indeed," said Aunt Jane, reassuringly; "I did not want you in any one's apple tree, because you have no right there, you know," she added, smiling gently at the little vagabond.

The next day he appeared again, and this time Aunt Jane sent him to do an errand. And so, in time, other people finding him trusty and honest, were glad to send by Tommy, too, but as Aunt Jane was his best friend, she remained his best and dearest, and it was with her help that Tommy prospered.—Z. O. Acton, in the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change;
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.
—Clough

Ideal peaks are possible to men:
Hold to the highest, resolute and strong,
And the glad muses will decend again,
To walk the roads of Kingdoms white with song.
—Edwin Markham.

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Dear as our happiness is to him, there is something within us which is more precious in his sight. It is of far less consequence, in any divine estimate of things how much a man suffers than what the man is.—Austin Phelps.

Try to work a litle less from the outside, and a little more from within.—Fenelon.

You cannot push anyone up a ladder unless he is willing to climb a little himself.—Andrew Carnegie.

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